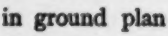
5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

ready, he goes outside the lodge and shouts the invitation, calling out each guest's name three times, saying that he is invited to eat, and concludes by announcing that a certain number of pipes — generally three — will be smoked. The guests having assembled, each one is served with a dish of food. Be the quantity large or small, it is all that he will get. If he does not eat it all, he may carry home what remains. The host does not eat with his guests. He cuts up some tobacco, and carefully mixes it with *l'herbe*, and when all have finished eating, he fills and lights a pipe, which is smoked and passed from one to another, beginning with the first man on his left. When the last person on the left of the host has smoked, the pipe is passed back around the circle to the one on the right of the door, and smoked to the left again. The guests do not all talk at once. When a person begins to speak, he expects every one to listen, and is never interrupted. During the day the topics for conversation are about the hunting, war, stories of strange adventures, besides a good deal of good-natured joking and chaffing. When the third and last pipeful of tobacco has been smoked, the host ostentatiously knocks out the ashes and says "*Kyi*," whereupon all the guests rise and file out. Seldom a day passed but each lodge-owner in camp gave from one to three feasts. In fact almost all a man did, when in camp, was to go from one of these gatherings to another.

A favorite pastime in the day was gambling with a small wheel called *it-se'-wah*. This wheel was about four inches in diameter, and had five spokes, on which were strung different-colored beads, made of bone or horn. A level, smooth piece of ground was selected, at each end of which was placed a log. At each end of the course were two men, who gambled against each other. A crowd always surrounded them, betting on the sides. The wheel was rolled along the course, and each man at the end whence it started, darted an arrow at it. The cast was made just before the

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

those days the journeys made were short ones, the camp travelling but a few miles. 000

In moving the camp in ancient days, the heaviest and bulkiest things to be transported were the lodges. These were sometimes very large, often consisting of thirty cow-skins, and, when set up, containing two or three fires like this or in ground plan like this  . The skins of these large lodges were sewn together in strips, of which there would be sometimes as many as four; and, when the lodge was set up, these strips were pinned together as the front of a common lodge is pinned to-day. The dogs carried the provisions, tools, and utensils, sometimes the lodge strips, if these were small enough, or anything that was heavy, and yet could be packed in small compass; for since dogs are small animals, and low standing, they cannot carry bulky burdens. Still, some of the dogs were large enough to carry a load of one hundred pounds. Dogs also hauled the travois, on which were bundles and sometimes babies. This was not always a safe means of transportation for infants, as is indicated by an incident related by John Monroe's mother as having occurred in her father's time. The camp, on foot of course, was crossing a strip of open prairie lying between two pieces of timber, when a herd of buffalo, stampeding, rushed through the marching column. The loaded dogs rushed after the buffalo, dragging the travois after them and scattering their loads over the prairie. Among the lost chattels were two babies, dropped off somewhere in the long grass, which were never found. 484 492 [342] [354] [493]

There were certain special customs and beliefs which were a part of the every-day life of the people. 576 276

In passing the pipe when smoking, it goes from the host, who takes the first smoke, to the left, passing from hand to hand to the door. It may not be passed across the door to the man on the other side, but must come back, — no one smoking, — pass the host, and go round to the man

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

576 across the door from the last smoker. This man smokes
276 and passes it to the one on his left, and so it goes on until it reaches the host again. A person entering a lodge where people are smoking must not pass in front of them, that is, between the smokers and the fire.

626 A solemn form of affirmation, the equivalent of the civil-
276 ized oath, is connected with smoking, which, as is well known,
782 is with many tribes of Indians a sacred ceremony. If a man sitting in a lodge tells his companions some very improbable story, something that they find it very hard to believe, and they want to test him, to see if he is really telling the truth, the pipe is given to a medicine man, who paints the stem red and prays over it, asking that if the man's story is true he may have long life, but if it is false his life may end in a short time. The pipe is then filled and lighted, and passed to the man, who has seen and overheard what has been done and said. The medicine man says to him: "Accept this pipe, but remember that, if you smoke, your story must be as sure as that there is a hole through this pipe, and as straight as the hole through this stem. So your life shall be long and you shall survive, but if you have spoken falsely your days are counted." The man may refuse the pipe, saying, "I have told you the truth; it is useless to smoke this pipe." If he declines to smoke, no one believes what he has said; he is looked upon as having lied. If, however, he takes the pipe and smokes, every one believes him. It is the most solemn form of oath. The Blackfoot pipes are usually made of black or green slate or sandstone.

861 The Blackfeet do not whip their children, but still they are not without some training. Children must be taught, or they will not know anything; if they do not know anything, they will have no sense; and if they have no sense they will not know how to act. They are instructed in manners, as well as in other more general and more important matters.

[867] If a number of boys were in a lodge where older people

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

skins and was about sixteen feet in diameter. The lower edge of the lodge proper was fastened, by wooden pegs, to within an inch or two of the ground. Inside, a lining, made of brightly painted cowskin, reached from the ground to a height of five or six feet. An air space of the thickness of the lodge poles — two or three inches — was thus left between the lining and the lodge covering, and the cold air, rushing up through it from the outside, made a draft, which aided the ears in freeing the lodge of smoke. The door was three or four feet high and was covered by a flap of skin, which hung down on the outside. Thus made, with plenty of buffalo robes for seats and bedding, and a good stock of firewood, a lodge was very comfortable, even in the coldest weather.

It was not uncommon to decorate the outside of the lodge with buffalo tails and brightly painted pictures of animals. Inside, the space around was partitioned off into couches, or seats, each about six feet in length. At the foot and head of every couch, a mat, made of straight, peeled willow twigs, fastened side by side, was suspended on a tripod at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that between the couches spaces were left like an inverted V, thus ∧, making convenient places to store articles which were not in use. The owner of the lodge always occupied the seat or couch at the back of the lodge, directly opposite the door-way, the places on his right being occupied by his wives and daughters; though sometimes a Blackfoot had so many wives that they occupied the whole lodge. The places on his left were reserved for his sons and visitors. When a visitor entered a lodge, he was assigned a seat according to his rank, — the nearer to the host, the greater the honor.

Bows were generally made of ash wood, which grows east of the mountains toward the Sand Hills. When for any reason they could not obtain ash, they used the wood of the choke-cherry tree, but this had not strength nor spring

19: Forde E-4 (no date) 1952 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

554 [576] [181] at meetings and many other matters of precedence, all of which were observed most scrupulously. Rigid rules of etiquette and ceremonial procedure affected all sides of the social life of the Blackfoot and gave it a highly formalized aspect, characteristic of the Plains and surprising among a people of apparently simple economy.

181 [224] [317] But the Blackfoot and other Plains Indians are a hunting people among whom special conditions existed. They had a very rich source of food supply in the bison herds. Between the periods of intensive hunting they had considerable leisure, which on account of their nomadism could be applied only to a limited extent to arts and crafts, and appears to have been devoted largely to the elaboration of ceremonial which affected [177] every aspect of their life. They occupied a very wide tract of open country, across which travel was easy, so that every tribe made many contacts with its neighbours on a wide front and over what were, for a food gathering people, very large areas. [231] Finally, they had acquired a domestic animal from a higher civilization which gave them unusual opportunity for satisfying their need and opportunity for mobility. The western Plains thus form a very large area of surprisingly uniform and complex culture of hunting peoples diverse in origin, among whom new concepts and fashions spread with great rapidity to the limits of the area, but nearly always stopped short where the mobile hunting life was itself arrested.

[pp. 69-474 not processed]

grease her frying pan and spread part of the dough out on it, real evenly. She would scrape the ashes and coals out away from the main part of the fire. She spread them out evenly—they were red-hot—and she sat her frying pan right on top. Then she would turn it this way and that way, by the handle, and she would make sure that the bottom of the bread got nicely browned. She always knew when it was nicely browned and she'd take the pan off the hot ashes. She'd get one of her tipi stakes and she'd use it to prop up the frying pan by its handle, so that the heat would brown the top side of her bread. She didn't turn the bread over in the pan, she just stood the pan up and let the bread get browned on top from the heat.

By the time she got everything cooked my grandfather's guests would already be sitting down and visiting. Of course, just because she was cooking didn't keep her from joining in the conversations. She'd fix a place mat in front of each guest. Later on we used tablecloths from the stores, but in those days she used white flour sacks that were washed nice and clean. She would double one over for each guest. The first person that she always served was her husband; that is the proper way in our customs. She would put his meat and potatoes and bread in a bowl. These religious people always have special wooden bowls that nobody else eats from. She would put his knife and fork right in the bowl: we don't lay them out on the side. Then she would put the salt and sugar right beside him, and butter, too, if there was any. They liked butter on their bread. Only after he was completely served did she set up the places and food for the others. Of course, they just kept visiting during this time.

If they were not having any visitors then the next one who got fed was their oldest son or their hired man. His bed was the first one to the north of the back, to the right of the fireplace, when you enter. But if they had guests then he wouldn't be up there, because my grandfather always seated his guests by their traditional status. The most honored guests sat closest

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

to him, just on the other side of him and his bundles. The people who had medicine pipes and beaver bundles always sat closest.

The men all sat cross-legged on the bed, wherever they were shown. Of course, the men always sat on the north side of the tipi and the women on the south. If a man was accompanied by his wife, she usually sat in the same place on the women's side as her husband was given on the men's. But the women never sit cross-legged. They sit with their legs either folded back to one side or else straight out.

After all the food was served out then my grandmother would serve out the beverage. Let's say she had tea. She would fill all the cups with tea and then pass them around to the guests. When they are through eating they just push their plates out away from themselves, and she comes around to pick them up. Then she sits back down by the fire and washes all her dishes right away. Most of the visitors brought their own plates and bowls, especially if they were religious people. If there was food left over at the end, she would divide it out among the bowls, and the visitors would take it home with them.

My uncle, Joe Heavy Head, was the one who usually did the chores and outside work around the tipi. He was their oldest son and he usually slept toward the back. He looked after the horses, and he went down to the bush for water and wood. My grandfather had no time for any chores because he was a religious leader. People kept him busy making announcements in the camp, or looking after their medicine pipe bundles. My grandmother had a lot of religious duties to take care of, too. On certain days she did all her day's work right in the morning, because she would be gone with her religious work the rest of the day.

within the tipi where the Bundle is kept. Peace and quiet should be maintained around such a tipi at all times. If someone calls from outside and does not come in, we must step outside to speak with him. Mokakin, himself a former Medicine Pipe Owner, was well aware of this rule. 778 784

"Oki, OmachKinna," I said to him, as he came through the doorway. I used a standard greeting of respect to an older man. 576 574

"Oki, Natosina ki SikskiAki," said Mokakin in return. He glanced around our tipi and said, "It's all fixed up now," giving an approving nod, then shaking his head to the side with pleasure. We felt happy and proud that our traditional Ways gladdened the old man's thoughts.

"Do you have time to sit and have a smoke and some tea?" I asked hesitantly. I knew that Mokakin was already serving as advisor, as grandfather, to the soon-to-be Horns. I wasn't sure how long he had for a visit with us.

No sooner had I asked the question than we heard Ponah's strong voice call out, "PitachPikis!" And for insurance she followed with, "Mokakin!" Knowing that there would be no excuse for not hearing his wife call at least one of his names, he apologetically mumbled something and hurried out. One of the future members of the Horns was probably waiting to be advised on some ceremonial matter. We knew that Mokakin would spend as much time at our place as he could, and we looked forward to his later visits.

Behind Mokakin's and Ponah's tipi was the tipi of their son, Charlie Weaselhead. His parents had given him the new white tipi to honor his joining the Horns Society. His joining meant a lot to them. They had been members in the past. 575 561 [431]

While sitting quietly in our tipi, we suddenly became aware of a gathering of voices, soon followed by a few beats on a large bass drum. The camp was about to be entertained by "tobacco singers," a group of friends who sit before the door of a lodge and sing until the lodge owner 533 [534] [431]

companion, Mike Yellow Bull, held him steady from behind until he was safely inside. Slowly, he walked around the fireplace toward me. 574

"*T'kcha?*"—Who is that?—the Old Man called out, as he pointed to Albert with one of his canes. In our tipi, he always sits at the place of honor, immediately to my left, where Albert was sitting. [576]

"Makwi Poka," Albert replied. The Old Man was momentarily confused, since our little boy, also named Makwi Poka, usually sits at my right. Then he recognized the voice and said, "Oh, my old son-in-law," his tone implying that he should have known who it was. He was referring to Albert's first marriage to his daughter, Victoria.

Albert got up and we helped the Old Man sit down in the honored place. At ninety-four, his vigorous outdoor life had helped him grow old in good health. Although his eyes were nearly worn out and his knees were weak, he was one of the few Old People who could sit through our all-night ceremonies and still be alert and joking when Sun came up in the morning. 887 147

The Old Man was the last holy man to follow the Old Ways of our People. He had spent his lifetime giving spiritual guidance to our People, doctoring them when their health failed, and leading their ceremonies when they came together to pray. 793 756

He had been born in the year 1877. His father's name was also Wolf Old Man, and his mother was the younger of Wolf Old Man's two wives. Not long after our Old Man's birth, Wolf Old Man died. Our Old Man's mother then mar- 551 [587]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 13A]

Weather Dancer among the South Piegan division of our People. Weather Dancers from various divisions often join together for Sun Dances. 123 [793]

Another of the Old Man's spiritual duties was to serve as advisor to the Horns Society. Among our People he was considered to have the greatest knowledge of the society's songs and ceremonies, having held seven different memberships in the society, including that of leader. The recent transfer was the tenth for which he had served as advisor. In his younger days, the Old Man also belonged to the now-extinct Brave Dogs and Pigeons societies. 793 575 561

As always, it was an honor to have the Old Man visit our home. His presence inspired us with the knowledge that it was still possible to find spiritual satisfaction with many of our Old Ways in this modern age. The strength of his old age let us find Power in his Teachings. With each visit he gave us more of his Good Spirits. 574 123

We sat in silence for a few moments after the Old Man settled next to me. It is not proper to ply a guest with many questions as soon as he arrives; nor does a guest usually begin a lengthy conversation until he has learned what mood is current in the lodge he has just entered. During that period of silence, SikskiAki came in, followed by Mokakin. As an old *Ninamskan*, or Pipe Man, he was given the second place of honor in the tipi, to the left of the Old Man. 576 574

Mokakin is learning to carry out two of the Old Man's duties. During his past memberships with the Horns he became acquainted with many of that society's functions, and is now looked upon as an advisor by the new members. In addition, Mokakin is a successful doctor of several minor physical ailments. He was given, in dreams this Power and shown the plants to use while he was sleeping near some old open-air burials in a secluded part of the reserve. His dreams came unexpectedly, while sleeping alone during a wintertime trapping expedition. 575 561 [867] 759 [787]

While SikskiAki served lunch to our three 778 574

Before he entered he coughed; the people inside all sat in order. The messenger went inside. He put his robe on the right-hand side of the door and he went around the tipi making downward brushing motions on the People, except for the holy woman and her helpers. He passed in front of her and continued to make downward brushing motions on the men. When he got back to his robe he picked it up, secured it around his waist, and sat down. He sat on one of his feet.

The messenger told them, "I came over to notify you that the Horns Society has finished the preparations." Neither the holy woman nor her husband spoke a word. The priest spoke, saying to everyone in the tipi, "Everything is prepared." And then, someone in the Holy Lodge who counted the tongue slices told the messenger there were not enough. The messenger immediately returned and told this to the Horns. Some Horns members went out of camp to get more beef tongues. They brought these tongues to the holy woman's tipi, where they were cut and sliced and set to dry.

At the Horns tipi, they selected their best singers from amongst the members. The singers formed themselves into two rows, the men in one row, the women in the other. They paraded to the east side of the camp circle. Then, starting at the east entrance they paraded by all the camps within the camp circle. At each camp they stopped and sang. After singing their song, one of the men called out: "Woo-Ka-Hai! For you People all to know: after tomorrow a sweat lodge will be constructed. Nobody is to leave the camps, so that we will all help with the construction of the Holy Lodge. We all will work on it after tomorrow."

The reason why the Horns set this date to build the lodge was so that there would be time for the newly cut tongues to dry. The tongues were to be used in two days' time.

The next morning everything was arranged, and the following morning the sweat lodge was

[p. 46-B]

LEGENDS OF NAPI

Our second evening of the encampment at the Belly Buttes was beginning. We were in a mood to hear some old-time stories, so we decided to visit Mokakin and see if we could inspire him to tell us some. It is a tradition among our People that myths and legends should be told only at nighttime. It is said that early blindness comes to those who disobey this custom.

Stories of war and adventure have always been popular among our People, especially the men. Women and children, too, have their favorites. But the most well liked of all are the stories of our legendary Napi, or Old Man, whose mythical experiences are exciting and occasionally gruesome. Some of the most popular of them are obscene.

The word *Napi* is used in a number of ways in the Blackfoot language. It can mean "friend," if the *a* is pronounced "ah" and the *i* is drawn out properly. A common greeting among acquaintances, for instance, is, "*Oki, Napih.*" It may also be used to greet an old man, if the word is pronounced with a longer "ah" and a very short *i*. This generally refers to a very old man. A man just old would be more commonly called *Omach-Kinna*, which means something like "big-aged man." Napi is pronounced with a short *i* when it is used to refer to the Old Man of legend. Finally, many of our People refer to our holy Sun as Napi, or Old Man, in their prayers. Because of this and the stories about Napi creating our part of the world, many observers have written that our People thought of Napi as God and prayed to him. Long, long ago, it is likely that our People believed that in the Sun was the spirit of an Old Man, to whom they gave thanks for the beginning of Earth. But the Napi of our myths and legends is a humorous prankster and trouble-maker. He is not the Napi referred to in our prayers.

[p. 51-A]

me. He was very attached to me from the time I was born. I probably had an infant's name, but I don't know what it was. 551 553

"One time, that little boy came running into our lodge because he heard my crying. He looked at me and he said, 'That little child is very cute. He looks just like an atsisi.' Those are the birds that make their homes in the ground on the prairie. Some kinds stay in the woods, but this kind stays on the prairie; and we call it a prairie owl. 551 553 825

"Those Atsisi are really cute. They are really small. If a person sees them, they look like an owl. They have big eyes, but they are small, about the size of a pigeon, at the largest. Long ago, an Old Man said not to kill them. He said, 'If you call them they will listen to you and you will be able to pick them up and you can look at them.' And that's true—I know—when you see one you just call to it, *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee,* and you go toward it, slowly. It will just look at you. *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee;* you don't hurry it, you just go slowly. You go easy. *At-see-tsee.* You wear a glove to pick them up. That's why they're called *atsitsi* ["glove"].

"Oki, so that boy said, 'He looks like an atsitsi,' and they added *ninna* [man] to make it *Atsitsi-na.* My brother [the boy who gave him the name; cousins are called brothers among the Blackfeet], he was Little Buttocks. Later he became On-the-Edge-Piegan. He's been dead for a long time. I became well known as Atsitsina, and they are still calling me by that name." 551 553 [601]

SMOKING PIPES

Atsitsina usually sang our Bundle's songs whenever he visited us, but this time he was afraid his familiar voice could be easily heard around the early-morning camp. He asked that we postpone the songs and help him with a task. 533 718 576 123

"I came to ask, could you put a hole through this pipestem? I must make some pipes. Some of 276 575

[p. 106-B]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

entrance the assembled guests sit smoking and chatting upon all topics. 778 432

Host's wife presently brings in the Sacred bundle and ties it to the lodge poles directly over the cushion. Bundle is covered with a red shawl and consists of a Bear Skin rolled around twenty or so skins of animals and birds, some of the latter stuffed, among which is an owl. In centre of bundle are several red cloth bags containing the Sacred Pipe, its two stems, a long wooden whistle, rattles and a number of articles the uses of which I will presently show. 796

Between the cushion and hole before mentioned is now placed a live coal from the fire. The priest places an open bag of sweet grass [actually, sweet pine] on the ground and taking right hand of host in his right hand, he guides host's hand to bag and extracts therefrom a pinch of the powderized sweet grass, while both are muttering a prayer. [The incense] is sprinkled upon the coal of fire with a spiral motion of the hand, causing a sweet odour to fill the lodge. The bundle is now taken down and waved towards this altar four times before it is set down upon the cushion. [Wilson fails to mention that the series of Medicine Pipe songs is begun before the incense is made. The singing goes on while the Bundle is taken down and placed between its Owner and the leader of the ceremony.] [782] [824] [533]

Bowls and pans are now produced and the squaws bring in pails of berry broth and rice, which is served unto all present, myself among the rest, though the stuff was not very tempting to look at. I managed to make away with part of my share as my right hand neighbor said it was not good to refuse. Before eating, the oldest man present picked one berry from his dish and holding it above at arm's length began an elaborate prayer to the sun thanking him for past blessings, for his old age (70 years), and soliciting future favours for himself and host. He had hardly started before the other old men followed suit and before they had concluded, every male [and 779 432 796 782 [262] [576]

[Backside-To-The Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

come to ask for some sacred yellow paint, knowing that I use that color as part of my personal Medicine. She said that the old Horns wished to buy some for use in the upcoming Horns Society transfer. Her husband was giving up his membership, while her brother was going to join. I told her I would donate some to the Horns. Then she declined our invitation to visit and quickly left to help the Horns in their many preparations for the transfer. 778 [432] [422] [575] [431]

We had just finished breakfast when another visitor arrived. This time it was Ksachkom ("Earth"), or Fred Eagle Plume, Atsitsina's brother, who, in his seventies, was the oldest man to become a new member of the Horns during this transfer. He was joining to fulfill a vow that he had made some time ago. He came to borrow my pipe bag. He said that Atsitsina had loaned him a pipe, but that he must have a bag for it during the transfer ceremonies. I said nothing, knowing that tradition would not allow me to ask for the bag's return if he did not bring it back on his own. The soft deerhide from which the bag is made was the last one tanned long ago by my "grandma" who lives in the south. I could never replace it. In addition, the bag is beautifully decorated with SikskiAki's beadwork. Since I did not care to lend it, I remained silent to his request. Knowing the reason for my silence, Ksachkom explained that a new bag was being made for him by some woman relative, and that he only needed mine because his was not yet ready for use. Then I agreed to let him use the bag. It is a custom that Medicine Pipe Owners do not lend out their belongings, but give them away if someone is really in need of them. If they do lend anything, then it must be returned within four days. After that they can neither ask for it nor expect to take it back if it is brought. 778 426 [575] [782] [415] [576]

Sun let us know early that it was going to be very hot that day. It is easier for the body to sit through a long ceremony in the spring, after the first sound of Thunder, than in the middle of a 796 292 778

[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

cover was stretched over a framework erected to lean against the east side of the main tipi, thus forming a sort of patio. Friends and relatives of the Owner crowded into this secondary tipi and watched the ceremony through the open front of the main tipi. The cover of the secondary tipi was rolled up so that others could watch from outside. 778 796 346

We always enter our tipis from the east side, from the direction Sun's first rays of light announce the start of another day. Some women and children were already seated within the secondary tipi; the main tipi was about half full when we entered it. We stood in the doorway, waiting to be received by host Jim Twig, who sat beneath the Bundle. His wife sat on his right. Someone called out for him to hear, "Oki, here are some Medicine Pipe Owners." Jim looked, smiled at us, and then pointed to a place next to Emonissi (an old man also known as Laurie Plume), who was going to lead the ceremony. I went to the place I was shown, while SikskiAki occupied the matching place on the women's side. 778 796

One other Medicine Pipe Owner was already sitting in the main tipi. He was an older South Piegan named Charlie Horn. His wife inherited her aging parents' Bundle, which they now take care of at their home in Browning. Theirs is one of five Medicine Pipe Bundles still left on that reservation. Medicine Pipe ceremonies are usually held in the houses down there. While our Pipes are usually brought out only in the spring, theirs are brought out whenever anyone makes a vow to sponsor the ceremony. 778 796 184 [428]

Shortly after we sat in place, visitors from our other divisions arrived. First came old Makes Summer (Joseph Young Eagle Child), my Weather Dancing instructor during the last Medicine Lodge ceremony among the South Piegans. Then came Ben Calf Robe, a man in his late eighties and a former Medicine Pipe Owner among the North Blackfoot People. They were shown seats up front, the place for honored guests. Old Charlie Horn, a quiet and humble 778 796 [576]

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

he danced. He handed the sacred Stem to me, then stepped aside, permitting the man behind him to dance before us. This man carried the secondary Pipe, which he gave to me. The third man in line gave me the wrapped owl-skin; the fourth man handed me the decorated whistle and rawhide rattle. 778 432 796 [535]

The capture party spread out a blanket and instructed me to sit on it, holding these sacred objects next to my body. With the help of two young men, they all picked up the blanket, lifting me into the air. They carried me out toward Stabs Down's tipi, SikskiAki and Wolf Child following behind.

Atsitsina walked along, singing the ancient honoring song of our family's band, the Many Children. He preceded each song by calling, in a loud, sing-song fashion, "Natosina, Ah-hey . . . SikskiAki, Ah-hey . . . Makwi Poka, Ah-hey," and then he sang, announcing the sacred duty we were about to assume. [533] [554]

I could hear the Old Man's voice, booming above the other drummers, singing in Stabs Down's white tipi as we approached it. On the way, the party stopped four times and gently lowered me to the ground. They carried me into the tipi as Sun moves, from east to west around the fire. The Owner's seat was vacant, south of the opened Bundle. SikskiAki and Wolf Child sat at my right. The leader sat to my left; he instructed me to replace the sacred objects in the opened Bundle between us.

The Old Man was very proud that his "grandchildren" sat in the place of honor next to the sacred Bundle that had so long been his. He sang a rousing honoring song that silenced everyone in the lodge. When he finished he took up his drum and beat a rolling introduction with his drumstick. [576] [533] [534]

The drummers began one of the Medicine Pipe dance songs and the four members of the capturing party danced with the sacred objects. White Horn led the group, which included 778 432 796 535

house; the white people were standing all around them watching. 535 [541]

I always look forward to going to any kind of dance, even though I can only hear the drums and bells. I remember just what it looked like in the Old Days, and I always get up and pretend that I am dancing like when I was young again. My grandchildren sing Indian songs and drum and I get up and dance every night. [177]

DAN WEASEL MOCCASIN

Dan Weasel Moccasin has worn his hair in two braids all his life and is often called "Braids," although his actual name is Yellow Horse Rider. He parts his hair down the middle, instead of to one side as was our usual custom. It is not proper to ask someone questions about personal habits, but it is known that Yellow Horse Rider keeps his hair long for holy reasons. 302 [551] [553] [576]

His father, old Weasel Moccasin, was a member of the Knife Owners band and the Horns Society. His mother was a member of the All Short People band. Yellow Horse Rider was their minipoka, and the usual favorite children's sacred articles were transferred to him. 858 [425] [778]

When he was seven, old Heavy Shield gave him a Medicine Lodge necklace. A Piegan holy woman named Handsome Gun Woman gave him another necklace during a Sun Dance ceremony. While he was young he also had the topknots from both the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe and the Cree Medicine Pipe. Later he was given the rights to the sacred Lynx Tail Headpiece from Calling Last's Beaver Bundle. He never transferred it to anyone else, although Calling Last left it in his Bundle when he sold it to the museum. 858 857 778 425

Around 1943, Yellow Horse Rider took the Children's Medicine Pipe with his daughter, Eleanor. His father gave up his fine buckskin outfit and seven good horses for it. They kept the Pipe for five years before giving it up to John Red Crane. 778 425 852 [435]

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

I began my preparations by pouring some fine earth from a paper bag onto a small board. This was to be the incense altar. The layer of dirt was the thickness of two hands and "mirror-shaped," as the Old People call a rectangle. At the end closest to the Old Man was a higher ridge of earth, which caused the complete altar to look like a made-up bed with pillows. 796 [778]

The Old Man arrived with his brother, Mike Yellow Bull, who cut the tobacco and filled the pipes. After a brief glance in the ceremonial room, he asked, "Everything is not yet ready?" I answered, "Almost." He asked me to get him a chair so he could sit and have a smoke while I finished the preparations. [276]

I leaned some bunches of man-sage against the head of the altar and placed two pieces of dung next to them. On the brass-studded tobacco cutting board, I placed some prepared bearberry leaves and commercial tobacco. Then I brought in the Old Man's bag of ceremonial articles and arranged them in place. I laid the wooden incense tongs to the right of the altar and some braids of sweetgrass to the left. I also put down two sharpened willow sticks for lighting the pipes, and a long piece of wire for cleaning the stems. [237] [824] [276]

I guided the Old Man to his seat in the ceremonial room. It is not proper for anyone to sit until the leader has assigned each person a place. The place to the right of the leader is for the [576]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

142
291
302
114

Our Old Man and me.

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sponsor of the ceremony, who sits very quietly and humbly listens to everyone's prayers which are for the benefit of himself, his family, and the one for whom he vowed the ceremony. We call this "sitting holy." If the sponsor of the ceremony is a participant who sings his songs, then he asks some relative to take his place next to the leader, for it is not proper to sing while sitting holy. 796 [576]

Atsitsina arrived and the Old Man directed him to a place on his right. Atsitsina helped start the second part of the ceremony by reciting four spiritual offerings made in the past. The participant with the bravest war coup would sit at the far left and recount four brave deeds, when that part of the ceremony was reached. My seat was next to the Old Man on his left. As a Medicine Pipe Owner, this was my seat of honor. [555] [554] [576]

The Old Man inspected the altar and approved it. He arranged before him the sacred bags from his paint outfit: one contained the black paint, another contained the sacred red earth, and a third contained pieces of kidney fat. [778] [237]

[p. 352-A]

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

saw in my dream. Here is a part of him to prove that we are sincere and that he will always remember you." That old woman took out her knife and cut off the end of my little finger from my left hand, you can see where it is missing, and she left the end of my finger out there on the prairie as an offering. That is when I was first told that I would have old age.

After the Old Man's story, we sat quietly for a while. Then Atsitsina remarked that he had not yet been purified for the recent death in his family. He could not attend a holy ceremony until he symbolically cast the Spirit of death away from himself. He asked me to step outside with him and to bring along a few leaves of sage from the bunches by the altar. He had already taught me what to do to purify someone in our Old Way. I rolled the sage leaves into a small ball between my palms and prayed, asking for help that Atsitsina may forget what has happened and go on with the Good Spirits again. Four times I prayed and asked the various Powers to give him strength and encouragement, and then I handed him the ball of sage. He prayed and brushed his body four times with it, then told the sage to take the evil from his body as he cast it away toward the east, the direction of the new day.

A truck arrived bringing SikskiAki's parents and our two boys. Wolf Child quietly walked into the room and sat by me. The Old Man squinted to see who it was, then greeted Wolf Child: "Ahhh, Makwi Poka, shake hands!" The Old Man was very fond of Wolf Child. The boy prayed enthusiastically and made hand signs while trying to sing along with our holy songs.

NinnaOnesta and his wife arrived with a box full of bowls, utensils, pipe and blankets, and two cushions—in case our seating proved uncomfortable. The Old Man gave NinnaOnesta a seat on the far left, where he usually sits to call out his raiding exploits.

or burning stick to the mixture, blew a whiff of smoke to the sky, exclaiming: "Oh, Sun! Oh, Above People! Pity us; help us." Then another whiff to the ground with: "Oh, Earth Mother! Pity us; help us." With that, he leisurely drew a few whiffs of smoke from the pipe, inhaling deeply, and from him the pipe went from hand to hand straight to the end man of the row, then from him to be smoked by the others in turn until it returned to the host. So was it smoked from east to west, thus imitating the daily courses of the sun. Sun priests in the row of guests grasped the stem of the pipe with both hands when taking, smoking, and passing it on, imitating the actions of the bear, sacred animal, when seizing anything. No others were privileged to do that. (Then, too, the Sun priests' special name for the bear was *páksi kwoyi*, "sticky mouth." The common people called the animal *kaiyo*, "lost.")

The pipe smoked out, the host cleaned the bowl, allowed it to cool, then refilled it, and it went again the length of the row of guests. Generally, it was filled and smoked three times in the course of an hour or so of pleasant talk. Then at last, ostentatiously knocking the pipe bowl upon his tobacco cutting board, the host loudly exclaimed, "*Kyi! Itsimitsi!*" ("There! It is burned out!"). Whereat the guests arose, filed out of the lodge, and went their several ways. What a boon that would be to civilized hosts so at will to dismiss their guests!

Persistent hunting and killing of cow buffalo began in November, and the women were soon busily converting the heavily furred hides into well-tanned robes. It was arduous work. The hides were fleshed; that is, cleaned of all adhering scraps of meat and fat, then laced into lodgepole frames, where they dried as stiff and firm as thin boards. Then, standing upon the hide, smooth side up, the tanner, with an elkhorn-handled, steel-bladed instrument the shape of a hoe, chipped it to about one-half its original thickness and rubbed it with grease. When that was thoroughly soaked in, the hide was then well smeared with a mixture of boiled liver and brains, folded and rolled, and laid away for several days in order for the mixture to neutralize its glue. Then came the hardest of the work: the tanner for an hour or so at a time rubbed and seesawed the hide against upright, stretched thongs of rawhide, until, at last, it became almost as

25: Ewers E,G-5 (1941-1951) 1963 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

BLACKFOOT INDIAN PIPES AND PIPEMAKING

By John C. Ewers

INTRODUCTION

The smoking of tobacco pipes played roles of importance in the religious, political, and social life of the historic Blackfoot Indians. Pipe smoking was an integral part of the involved ritual of opening sacred ceremonial bundles. It was an invariable part of the act of making peace with enemy tribes. In the early years of the fur trade Blackfoot chiefs smoked with white traders when they visited their posts before the exchange of goods began. An Indian whose word was doubted might solemnly swear by the pipe that his testimony was true. It was a common custom for a man seeking a favor of another Indian of his tribe to present him with a pipe at the time of making his request. If the pipe was accepted, he knew that his request would be acted upon favorably; if it was refused, he knew that it was denied.

Blackfoot etiquette called for the tipi owner to offer a pipe to male visitors to his lodge. However, my older informants of the 1940's stated that in their youth there were marked individual differences in the interest men took in smoking for pleasure. Some men rarely smoked except during their participation in ceremonies. Others spent a great deal of their leisure time puffing on their pipes. Most boys started to smoke when they reached their middle teens and began to join war parties. No ceremony was involved in a boy's taking his first smoke. He merely followed the actions he had so often seen his elders perform.

Strong arguments were used to discourage young men from smoking too much, as are indicated by the following Blackfoot sayings:

A young man who smokes too much has no wind.

If you smoke too much it will hurt your eyes.

The man who likes to smoke too much is the man who will draw the enemy when he is on a war party. The enemy will smell the smoke and be attracted to his location. Wild game will smell the smoke and will avoid the place where he is.

Girls did not smoke. But young married women learned to smoke when they attended ceremonies with their husbands. Older women usually were the only ones of their sex who smoked for pleasure.

[P. 33]

33: Bradley G-3 (1871-1877) 1923
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Berries were often prepared for winter use, especially cherries and bull berries, by drying and putting away in sacks made of young buffalo skins.

Dried cherries were also mixed with pounded meat and put away in the same manner, this preparation being regarded as a great delicacy. Stones were not removed from dried cherries, but before using they were thoroughly pounded so as to break the shell and expose the kernel.

All fruit was a luxury in the winter, used only on special occasions, and to set it before a guest was a mark of the greatest respect.

Value of the Buffalo

It may be said that in the buffalo resided the means of existence of the Blackfeet. It was invaluable to them and no part of it was without its use. They obtained powder flasks from the horns, glue from the hoofs, lodges and clothing from the skins, food from the flesh and blood, marrow-fat from the bones, while of the paunch they made vessels for carrying water. The marrow was obtained by pounding the bones, boiling them in water, and then allowing the vessel to cool, when the fat rose to the surface in a layer three or four inches thick. It was then taken off and deposited in sacks of buffalo skin. It was very palatable eaten with meat or a mixture of pounded meat and berries. It was regarded as a great delicacy and was rarely used except at feasts. The blood was highly prized as food and was prepared by boiling and adding, when practicable, a seasoning of berries or cherries, though it was often used without fruit. The Blackfeet never ate dogs, differing in this from the surrounding tribes, including the Gros Ventres, who occasionally indulged in a dog feast. Neither would they touch fish, although the streams of their country were filled with numerous fine varieties, including the grayling and trout. They also seldom ate antelope, deer, elk, bighorn, bear or beaver, preferring buffalo, with which their country especially abounded. All varieties of wild

36: Dempsey H-4,5 (1952) 1956 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

533 All singers face the centre of the circle and beat a single large drum with cloth-covered
535 sticks.

Although there are numerous Owl Dance songs, none has words. They consist only of a melodious chanting. It is not uncommon for the singers to preside at dances from eight o'clock in the evening until eight o'clock next morning without repeating a single song. Many of these tunes are born in the fertile imagination of modern singers, so that each year there is a popular "hit parade" of new songs.

As no names are given individual songs, each one is identified by singing the first few bars. Usually one of the singers will say, "Here, let's sing this one," and begin the song. His companions will wait until he has completed the first portion and then join
[562] in. On some occasions women will stand beside the bench and add their high-pitched nasal style of singing, but they are never allowed to sit with the men or remain at the bench during the Chicken Dance.

535 In addition to the normal clockwise movement of the dancers, there are many minor steps; and new routines are continually being added. The most popular variations are the "turnabout" and "turning on the spot" features. While the dance is in progress, the announcer may shout, "Turn around and dance in the opposite direction." At this cry there is general confusion for a moment as everyone turns round and dances in a counter-clockwise direction.

In the other variation the announcer may call, "Turn each other around." This consists of a slow turnabout movement, with the partners retaining their "schottische" hold. They then wait a moment to hear if he shouts, "Now do it again." This latter feature causes a great deal of amusement among the dancers, as there is often still some confusion after the first call.

Throughout the dance, the announcer is continually moving among the crowd, urging everyone to join in. The literal translation of a popular call is: "Don't waste all
[626] this good music. Get up and dance." A few decades ago, it was customary for the announcer to carry a small whip with him to strike the legs of persons who would not get up to dance. However, this has not been necessary within the past few years, as the floor is usually filled to capacity with willing dancers.

178 In the dance itself, there are a few restrictions which have been carried over into
535 modern social dancing from earlier customs, though many of them have suffered revision in the compromise with modern society.

[576] Among the Bloods, it is the woman who asks the man to dance, and it is con-
[562] sidered highly insulting for a man to refuse without good reason. In the old days, a woman could publicly denounce a man for this action and strike him across the back as an obvious sign of distaste.

When the dance has ended, the male dancer is not required to show his partner to her seat, but returns to his own place, leaving the woman to her own resources.

593] Most interesting is the custom prohibiting a man and his wife from dancing to-
602] gether. A few years ago this custom also forbade dancing with blood relatives such as
578] brothers, sisters, parents, aunts, uncles, nieces, or nephews, but it is in force today only against married couples. Needless to say, this custom has given rise to numerous jealous arguments in which a wife complains about her husband's being chosen by one particular woman, or the husband protests his wife's choice of partners.

It is therefore probably a wise ruling that considers it in bad taste for dancing partners to carry on a conversation.

on the opposite side 90 Lodges Blood Indians, 70 North Piegans and 20 Blackfeet and the whole Camp had appointed tomorrow as the day for breaking up Camp and moving North in search of Buffalo, as there are none here and the Indians are "starving". 175 621 361 [162]

The main Camp of Blood Indians—some 200 Lodges—have not been heard from since they parted from this camp at the Cypress Mountain, but are supposed to be moving towards the Three Buttes to join the Lame Bull. 175 361 [162]

In the evening I had a Council with the Indians on this side at which several chiefs from the opposite side were present. The same remarks, in substance, were made to them as to the Piegans, and in reply they expressed much pleasure at what they heard and promised to come to the Council if the Camps opposite would do so. Several invitations were given me and among others I visited the Chief Talker's Lodge, a principal Blackfoot Chief. 123 175 648 123 175 574

This Indian had a small keg of whiskey—as he styled it—which he obtained from a party of Indians who had been to the British Post, Edmonton House, to trade, and had this day returned with a supply of rum and many Indians in the camp opposite were drinking to excess. He gave me a few drops of this "whiskey" to taste, and to me it seemed like the rinsings of a barrel in which might have been rum at some very ancient date. 175 223 574 [439]

Returning to High Bull's Lodge, we found that he had deserted it to cross the river and get drunk.

Saturday, Sept. 8th. Borrowed a strong horse and with Mr. Bird crossed Bow river. The ford is 300 yards wide, the water very swift and so deep as to run over our saddles for some distance. As we approached the Lodges, several Chiefs met us and we accompanied the "Eagle Flag" to the lodge of the "Big Painted Lodge". These two are the leading chiefs of this camp of Blood Indians." Some thirty of the head men were already assembled and I at once laid before them the wishes of the Commis- 122 175 [133] 175 622 576 175 123 648

[p.24-A]

47: Kane R,T-3 (1848) 1925 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

expedition against his tribe, and whom our disproportionate number could not have opposed had they sought to take him from us. We instantly put ashore to meet them, and Mr. Harriett and myself met them on the banks of the river, leaving strict orders with the men to keep the boats afloat sufficiently near the shore for us to re-embark promptly in case of danger. They received Mr. Harriett, however, in a most friendly manner, he being personally known to numbers of them. They immediately spread a buffalo skin for us to sit down upon, depositing all their arms, consisting of knives, guns, and bows and arrows, on the ground in front of us, in token of amity.

There was, however, one exception to this pacific demonstration, in the case of an Indian I had frequently heard spoken of before, named Omoxesisixany, "Big Snake". This chief walked round the party, cracking and flourishing a whip, and singing a war song, evidently desirous of getting up a fight, and refusing to lay down his arms with the rest, although frequently requested to do so. At length, however, he put them down, and sat with the rest, and taking (though with evident reluctance) a few puffs from the pipe which was going the round of the party, in token of peace, he turned to Mr. Harriett and said, that as he had smoked with the white man, he would present him with his horse, at the same time leading up a beautiful brown animal which I had seen him alight from on our arrival, he handed Mr. Harriett, the lasso. Mr. Harriett declined his gift, explaining that it was impossible for him to take it with him in the boats.

They told us they were a party of 1,500 warriors, from 1,200 lodges, who were then "pitching on" towards Fort Edmonton; that is, they were making short

47: Kane R,T-3 (1848) 1925 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

576 431 be done by an interchange of civilities with me. He accordingly took off a dirty old greasy shirt he had on, and laid it down before me; but as I had no other clothes with me but what I had on, I was forced to decline this most endearing mark of friendship, much to his disappointment, although the scamp could not help grinning as I shook my head in token of refusal.

000 *June 3rd*—We were obliged to lie by the whole of this day, on account of the violence of the wind and snow, which rendered any attempt at proceeding very uncomfortable, and almost useless.

June 14th—Early in the forenoon, we arrived at Carlton, and Bishop De Merse immediately took horses to cross by land to Red River Settlement, a distance of sixteen days' journey.

was no end of the shaking of hands; after which we longed for repose, and distributed our baggage in the rooms.

AUGUST 10, 1833

Having made our arrangements on the first day of our arrival, and viewed the Indian camp, with its many dogs, and old dirty brown leather tents, we were invited, together with Mr. Mitchell, to a feast, given by the Blackfoot chief, Mehkskehme-Sukahs (the iron shirt). We proceeded to a large circle in the middle of the camp, enclosed with a kind of fence of boughs of trees, which contained part of the tents, and was designed to confine the horses during the night, for the Indians are so addicted to horse-stealing that they do not trust each other. The hut of the chief was spacious; we had never before seen so handsome a one; it was full fifteen paces in diameter, and was very clean and tastefully decorated. We took our seats, without ceremony, on buffalo skins, spread out on the left hand of the chief, round the fire, in the centre of the tent, which was enclosed in a circle of stones.

Our host was a tall, robust man, who at this time had no other clothes than his breech-cloth; neither women nor children were visible. A tin dish was set before us, which contained dry grated meat, mixed with sweet berries, which we ate with our fingers, and found very palatable. After we had finished, the chief ate what was left in the dish, and took out of a bag a chief's scarlet uniform, with blue facings and yellow lace, which he had received from the English, six red and black plumes of feathers, a dagger with its sheath, a coloured pocket-handkerchief, and two beaver skins, all which he laid before Mr. Mitchell as a present, who was obliged to accept these things whether he liked or not, thereby laying himself under the obligation of making presents in return, and especially a new uniform. When the chief began to fill his pipe, made of green talc, we rose and retired (quite in the Indian fashion) in silence, and without making any salutations. We crept through the small door, which was besieged by numerous dogs, and stepped over the foremost, who grinned at us maliciously. Mr. Mitchell was immediately invited to three or four similar feasts, an honour which can only suit an Indian stomach. [*For a portrait of Mehkskehme-Sukahs, see page 134.*][A]

In the afternoon the *engagés* of the fort gave us what they call baptism; namely, a welcome on our happy arrival in this

A, [See Category 622, p. 134--Analyst]

remote wilderness by firing several salutes in the court-yard of the fort, for which it is usual to give them something to drink, or else a present. Our entertainment for the evening was the noise of the drum of the Indian camp, which is employed not only to drive the evil spirit out of the sick, but in their dances and other amusements, and is, therefore, heard almost every day and every hour. We were likewise much entertained by the antics of three young bears, which ran about in the court-yard. Another very pretty animal had been brought up in the fort: this was a young prairie fox, which Mr. Mitchell made me a present of, and which, by its tameness and vivacity, helped to amuse us during the following winter. Our new lodging swarmed with mice, which ran over our feet while we were writing, and kept the traps set for them continually in motion. We trained my pretty little fox to this sport, which was new to him, and he soon became a capital mouser.

Also on this day preparations were made for the solemn reception of the Indians, which always precedes the opening of the trade, and which is considered by the Indians as a matter of great importance. The flag being hoisted, two small cannon, placed in the middle of the court-yard, fired signals for the commencement of the trade. It was full half an hour before a noise arose in the Indian camp: we heard singing, firing of guns, and saw the mass of the Indians advancing on all sides. When Ninoch-Kiaiu (the bear chief) approached the gate, it was opened, and the two cannon were again fired. He entered, followed by three or four chiefs, who approached Mr. Mitchell with their heads inclined; and, after shaking hands with him, were made to sit down in the Indian apartment. Soon afterwards another body appeared, and Mr. Mitchell went out of the gate to meet them. They advanced in small parties, headed by their chiefs, who always bring a present consisting either of some beavers' skins or of a horse. The first horses that we received in this manner were two greys and a light bay, which were variously painted with red, chiefly on the forehead, the shoulders, and the haunches, and marked on the legs with transverse stripes like a zebra.

The chiefs and about thirty of the principal warriors were admitted, and, after being seated on buffalo hides in the dining apartment, they refreshed themselves by drinking and smoking. In this manner three or four different bands advanced with rapid strides, repeatedly discharging their guns, and singing their rude songs. We observed some remarkable,

[p. 101-B]